

# THE OHIO ORGAN, OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

S. F. CARY, EDITOR.

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## Country Sunday vs. City Sunday.

'Tis Sunday in the city.

The sun glares murkily down thro' the smoky and stench-laden atmosphere, upon the dirty pavements; newsboys, with clamorous cries, are vending their wares; milkmen rattle over the pavements, and startle drowsy sleepers by their shrill whoopings; housemaids are polishing door knobs, washing side-walks and receiving suspicious-looking baskets and parcels from contiguous groceries and bake-shops.

The sun rolls on his course; purifying the air, and benignly smiling upon all the dwellers in the city, as though he would gently win them from unholy purposes to heavenly meditations and pursuits.

—And now the streets are filled with a motley show of silks, satins, velvets, feathers and jewels; while carriages and vehicles of every description roll past, freighted with counter freed youths and their Dulcineas, bent upon a holiday. Hundreds of "drinking saloons" belch forth their pestiferous breath, upon which is borne to the ear of the passer-by, (perhaps a lady or tenderchild,) the profane curse and obscene gibe; and from their portals reel intoxicated brutes, who once were men. Military companies march to and fro, now, at a slow and solemn pace, to

the funeral of the corpse of their dead comrade, they gaily "step out," blithe and merry, to the cheering strains of an enlivening quick-step, based on an Ethiopian melody; the frivolous tones blending discordantly with the chimes of the Sabbath bells. And stable-keepers, oyster and ice-cream vendors, liquor-sellers, et id cuncte genus, are reaping a golden harvest, upon which the "Lord of the Sabbath" shall, sooner or later, send "a blight and a mildew."

'Tis Sunday in the country.

Serene and majestic, in the distance, lie the blue cloud-capped hills; while, at their base, the silver stream winds gracefully, sparkling in the glad sunlight. Now the fragrant branches stir with feathered life; and one clear, thrilling carol, lifts the finger from the dumb lip of Nature, heralding a full orchestra of untaught choristers, which plume their wings, and soaring, seem to say, Praise Him! Praise Him!

Obedient to the sweet summons, the silver-haired old man and rosy child, along grassy, winding paths, hie to the little village church. On the gentle maiden's kindly arm leans the bending form of "four-score years and ten," gazing, with dimmed but grateful eye, on leafy stem, and bursting bud, and full-blown flower; or, listening to the wind dallying with the tall tree tops or kissing the fields of golden grain, waves their graceful recognition, as it sweeps by on its fragrant path.

And now, slowly the Sabbath sun sinks beneath the western hills, in gold and purple glory. Gently the dew of peace descends on closed eyes and flowers; while holy stars creep softly

out, to keep their tireless watch o'er happy hearts and Sabbath-loving homes.

FANNY FERN.

## Temperance Item.

The Cincinnati Gazette of last Thursday has a leading article on the Maine Liquor Law in Ohio, in which, among other things unfavorable to the law, is expressed the opinion that it will not receive a majority of votes before the next Legislature. This may prove true, as a prophecy; but, true or untrue, it should deter no one from working, heart and soul, for the passage of the law. Speaking of the difficulty of enforcing such a law, even if we had it, the Gazette gives utterance to the following:

Under our present police arrangements in this city, it would be absolutely impossible to enforce such a law here, and, therefore, it could not be productive of much good among us. This is no reason, however, why it should not be enacted for the benefit of places where it could be enforced; as we have no doubt it could be in many counties, if not in a large portion of the state. With such a police system as we ought to have, it would not be impossible to enforce a prohibitory law in this city, or at any rate, to restrict the traffic to make it infinitely less injurious and dangerous. Many a temptation might be removed, and the allowing door of many coffee houses closed forever against the idle, thoughtless, and foolish young men, just entering on the fatal road.

The question of having the law and that of enforcing it are two things. Our business is first to get an anti-liquor law, and then our next business is to enforce it. If we should fail in the first, we cannot, of course perform the second thing; but if we succeed in the first, we may succeed in the second. Who tries nothing, does nothing. Better to fail in a good cause, while actively toiling for its accomplishment, than to see it fail utterly by an indifference and laziness.

—Western Christian Advocate.

A RUMSELLER CAUGHT.—A temperance lecturer, at a meeting in Jersey City, came down with a heavy hand on the rum-sellers, when a man rose and said: "I am one of the trustees of this church, and you call me a murderer. You can't have this church to lecture in any more. I appeal to those around me to say if I am a murderer." A woman instantly rose and cried out: "Yes you are a murderer—you murdered my husband by giving him rum;" another woman exclaimed: "Yes, and you murdered mine also! His feelings could not have been of the most pleasant kind."—Southern Organ.

The N. Y. Tribune gives the following puff "extraordinary of the Chinese company, now exhibiting in the city:—"The singing and playing were like a compound of distressed cats, an old dump handle, ungreated cart wheels, a poker on a tin kettle, and the spiritual rappers in communication with the infernal regions."


From the New York Reformer.

## The Evil is Everywhere Seen.

It is a sad sight to witness a young man, endowed with reason, ambition, genius, and all the noble requisites of manhood, sacrificing all upon the unhallowed altar of the rum traffic; laying down at the feet of this base Moloch of the age, his soul, his body, his mind, and his claim to honor, respectability, and to fame. But sad as the spectacle may be, how often is it witnessed in our daily walks, among our fellow men. We see young men, with intelligent countenances, whose expansive brows give unmistakable indications of intellectual superiority, and genius, sacrificing the noble gifts of a wise and generous Creator, upon the altar of uncontrollable lust and passion. Ambition, integrity, honor and fame, and all the noblest attributes of their nature, are sacrificed, demoralized and lost, in the unhallowed pursuit of their pleasures. They worship, regardless of the results, at the shrine of Bacchus, and exclaim, with the poet, to the demon enthroned thereon:

"Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy feet;  
My life thou shalt command even to my shame  
That which my duty owes; my fair name,  
(Despite of death that lives upon my grave.)  
To dark dishonor's use, thou shalt have."

It is but a day or two since that we beheld one of these sad spectacles.—A young man of noble mind and form, whose broad and expansive forehead gave unmistakable evidence of intellectuality and genius, when free from the influence of the accursed beverage, and clothed in his right mind, was almost helplessly dragging himself along the streets at a late hour of the night. His once neat apparel was soiled and torn, from coming in contact with the rubbish of the gutter and other obstacles that rose up in his way as he attempted to tread the too narrow sidewalk. We know that young man. He is of respectable parentage, who have an abundance of the world's goods. He is educated, talented, and learned, and eminently qualified, but for this deplorable habit of self-indulgence, of taking a high position in society; of commanding the respect of the good, the learned and the wise. But the coils of the fatal monster are around him, and unless he soon resolves to strike them off at once and forever leave the dangerous path he is pursuing, we fear for consequences. A young man so situated, loses all that is dear to him on earth, except life, and he is in danger of losing even that. A reputation for honor and virtue, and beneficent action, is a treasure inferior only to the smiles of Heaven, and yet he loses that. The approbation of conscience is peace to a man, and if he loses this, which he must assuredly do who treads in the path of sin, we will feel that it

has a thousand several tongues,   
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Yes, it is a sad sight to see knowledge, wealth, honor and fame at the command of many of our young men, freely given up as a sacrifice upon the debasing altar of the rum traffic. Los-

ing position, friends, a noble sphere of usefulness, in the bottomless pit of drunkenness; giving up the peace, quietness, and happiness of a sober life, for madness, disquietude, and disgraceful scenes of riotous drunkenness.

"That weakens the brain and spoils the memory  
Hastening on age and wifely poverty;  
That drowns the better, making thy name  
To foes a laughter, to friends a shame,  
'Tis virtue's poison, the name of trust,  
The match of wrath, the fuel unto dust."

We hope the time may soon come when we may not see at least a young man "dallying with the cup," which will give some hopes for the future, and that thrace of drunkards are passing away.

L. M. S.

Mrs. Harriet O. Lindsey—a widow lady, who is endeavoring to take care of herself and six children by publishing a paper, the "Kentucky Garland"—has the following on *Woman and Wine*, in a late number:

While dining in one of the fashionable hotels in Ohio, an acquaintance—and a gentleman, by the way, of close observation—remarked that gentlemen at hotels seldom called for wine unless ladies were present, and requested us to observe those gentlemen accompanied by ladies, and those who were not. The idea was new and novel to us, and, as a matter of course, we observed closely, to test the truth of our friend's suggestion. Above us sat gentlemen with ladies, below us sat gentlemen alone. Presently, we saw the gentlemen above lean over and whisper to the ladies, and immediately an order for wine was given, and in came the sparkling champagne, etc. Just then we caught the eye of the gentleman who called our attention to this matter, and, although he spoke not, yet his eye seemed to say, "was I not right?"

A SIGHT.—At the next annual meeting of the Columbiana Agricultural Society there will be a sight worth half the Crystal Palace show,—skill in horsemanship by the young ladies, for which premiums are to be awarded to the proficient. Skill in driving horses in harness is also to excite rivalry. To the most skillful rider a fine gold watch worth \$80. To the most graceful, a \$20 shawl. To the most skillful driver of a span, \$15. To the most skillful driver of one horse, a \$12 shawl; besides numerous other premiums for lower grades of skill. Competition will be open to all ladies (except professional) no matter where their residence, whether in or out of the State.

To encourage the fair sex in acquiring these most useful and graceful accomplishments, the most respectable of the community will be on the ground, and no doubt the occasion will be one of rare pleasure to all.

Mix ignorance with sudden wealth, and we produce a chucklehead, whose insolence will be equal to a hundred pounds to a square inch. We can imagine no greater nuisance than an ill-bred man suddenly raised to the rank of a millionaire.